

Ghosts at the Castle!



New Edition

From an original play by Beat Brodbeck

Retold and annotated by Peter Morris

Illustrated by Christiane Lesch

Edited by Dr. Christoph Jaffke in cooperation with the
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This story is a retelling of the play,
‘The Wedding at Ghostmoor Castle,’ by Beat Brodbeck.
Many thanks to the author for allowing his work to be used here!

CHAPTER 1

In the Sweet Shop

It was Saturday morning in the little village of Ghostmoor. People were out in the streets, doing their shopping. But in the sweet shop, everything was quiet. A fat lady was standing at the counter with a lollipop in her mouth. This was Mrs Candymouth, the owner of the shop. Suddenly, the door opened and a young man came in. 5

“Good morning, Mrs Candymouth!” he said. The fat lady put down her lollipop and smiled at him. 10

“Good morning, Brian. Can I help you?” she asked.

“Yes, Mrs Candymouth,” said Brian. “I want a big box of chocolates, please.”

Mrs Candymouth giggled, and picked up a box with a big pink cow on it. “Look,” she said. “This one is very nice – and it’s got a lovely picture on it!” 15

Brian shook his head. So Mrs Candymouth showed him some more boxes. One had a picture of a little donkey with its mouth open, and another had a yellow chicken. “Oh, Brian, look at these!” she said. “Aren’t they beautiful!” 20

But Brian shook his head again. At last, he saw the box he wanted. It was the biggest box in the shop, and it had a picture of red roses on the front. “How much is that box?” he asked.

“That one? Hmm – forty pounds.” 25

“That’s fine!” said Brian. “I’ll take it.”

Mrs Candymouth took out some wrapping paper for the box. Then she giggled again. “Is she pretty, Brian?”

“Er – who?” Brian’s face was very red.

5 “Your girlfriend!” giggled Mrs Candymouth. “These chocolates are for your new girlfriend, aren’t they?”

“Well,” said Brian. “I’m getting married tomorrow ...”

“Oooooh!” said Mrs Candymouth. “And who is the young lady?”

10 “Julie McPhantom,” said Brian.

Bang! Mrs Candymouth was so shocked that the box of chocolates fell on the floor. Her eyes were wide open and her face was white. “Oh, no! Not *Julie McPhantom* of Ghostmoor Castle!”

15 Mrs Candymouth put her hand on her mouth as Brian gave her the money for the chocolates and went out. “Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear,” she whispered.

CHAPTER 2

Seven Red Roses

20 The flower shop stood in the market place. The owner, Mrs Blossomcheek, was a thin lady with long black hair and a white face. When the door of the shop opened, she looked up to see who had come in.



“Hello, Mrs Blossomcheek,” said Brian with a smile.
“Have you got any nice roses today?”

“Yes, I have, Brian,” said Mrs Blossomcheek. “Look at these – aren’t they beautiful? How many would you like?”

5 Brian looked at the roses. They were red, and had a lovely smell. “Very nice, Mrs Blossomcheek. How much are they?”

“For you,” said Mrs Blossomcheek, “one pound each.”

“Thanks very much,” said Brian. “I’ll take seven, then.”

Mrs Blossomcheek took the roses and some wrapping
10 paper. She looked at Brian and smiled. “Are these flowers for your girlfriend?” she asked.

Brian’s face was red. “I’m getting married tomorrow,” he said.

“Well, well!” said Mrs Blossomcheek. “You’re getting
15 married? And who is the young lady?”

“Julie McPhantom,” said Brian.

Mrs Blossomcheek’s mouth fell open. “Julie McPhantom of Ghostmoor Castle?” she said in a shocked voice. “How terrible!”

20 “Here’s the money, Mrs Blossomcheek,” said Brian coldly. “Goodbye!”

“Goodbye, Brian,” said Mrs Blossomcheek, as the door of the shop closed. “God bless you!”

CHAPTER 3

Brian Buys a Ring

Mrs Goldfinger, the jeweller, was seventy years old and wore glasses on the end of her nose. She looked up as a young man came into her shop. “Good morning, Mrs Goldfinger!” said the young man. “How are you today?” 5

Mrs Goldfinger looked through her glasses, and then over them. “Who’s there?” she said. “Oh – it’s Brian Happydale. I can’t see so well now, you know. And how are you?”

“I’m all right, thanks,” said Brian. 10

“What can I do for you?” asked Mrs Goldfinger, smiling.

“I’d like to buy a ring,” said Brian.

“A young man’s ring?” asked Mrs Goldfinger.

“No,” said Brian, his face red. “It’s for a lady.”

“Oh, I *see!*” said Mrs Goldfinger, looking at him over her glasses. “Is it for a young lady?” 15

“Well, yes,” said Brian. “It’s for my girlfriend. You see, I’m getting married tomorrow ...” Mrs Goldfinger put a large tray of rings on the counter and Brian picked up one ring, and then another. He went to the window and held the two rings up to the light. 20

“Oh, wonderful!” he said at last. “This ring is beautiful!” He came back to the counter. “The blue one is very pretty too,” he added. “But this is the one I like best!”

Mrs Goldfinger looked at the ring through her glasses. 25

“That’s the most expensive ring I have,” she said. “Eight hundred and twenty-five pounds. But for you, Brian, I’ll make it eight hundred.”

5 “That’s very kind of you,” said Brian. “Here’s the money. Do you think the ring will fit my girlfriend’s finger?”

“Oh, yes,” said Mrs Goldfinger. “What’s your girlfriend’s name?”

“Julie McPhantom,” said Brian.

10 “Good heavens!” said Mrs Goldfinger, shocked. Her glasses fell to the floor, and her eyes were wide open. “McPhantom, you said? Of Ghostmoor Castle?”

“Yes,” said Brian. “Well, I must be going. Bye-bye, Mrs Goldfinger!” He opened the shop door and went out quickly.

CHAPTER 4

15

The Market Place

Mrs Goldfinger picked up her glasses and shook her head. This was terrible news! She must go and tell her friends.

20 It was now twelve o’clock, and most people had gone home to have lunch. Mrs Goldfinger walked out into the street and saw Mrs Candymouth and Mrs Blossomcheek. They too had come out of their shops, and they looked shocked.

“Have you heard the news?” Mrs Goldfinger asked.

“Isn’t it awful?” said Mrs Blossomcheek. And she began to cry.

“Absolutely shocking!” said Mrs Candymouth. Her hands were shaking.

From their shop windows, the other shopkeepers saw the three women talking. They looked very upset. What was the matter? The shopkeepers went out to see. 5

“What’s the matter?” asked Mr Applecake, the baker.

“It’s terrible!” said Mrs Blossomcheek. “Brian Happydale is going to marry Julie McPhantom of Ghostmoor Castle!” 10

“Oh, no!” cried the baker’s wife.

When the others heard the news, they were upset too.

“What?”

“Isn’t it awful?”

“Julie McPhantom! Good heavens!” 15

More people came out of their shops, and soon everyone was talking loudly.

“Have you heard ...? McPhantom ... shocking!”

* * *

“Now then, now then! What’s going on here?” 20

It was Constable Law, the new policeman. For a moment, everyone stopped talking.

Then Mrs Applecake, the baker’s wife, looked at him. “Constable,” she whispered. “Something terrible is going to happen!” 25

“Oh?” said the policeman. “What?”

